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THE TRIAL OF WIT: OR, A NEW RIDDLE-BOOK.

Some of which were never before published.

Composed for the Benefit of all those who desire to try their WIT, by reading these merry QUESTIONS and ANSWERS.

Read all these RIDDLES o'er,
And you'll to me confess,
Of all the RIDDLES e'er you read,
That they are much the best;
For mirth they are compos'd for you,
To pass the time away,
Both in the Winter ev'nings long,
And heat of Summer's day.

GLASGOW,
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MDCCXCV.

THE TRIAL OF WIT.

ALTHO' in number I'm the ſmalleſt,
O'er kings I reign, and beat the talleſt.
The ace of Trumps.

When firſt into this world I came,
no ſign of ſenſe had I,
My mother ſhe was poor and mean,
and at the laſt did die;
Another mother ſoon I had,
by whom I came alive;
By her in down I ſoon was clad,
now for a living ſtrive.
A Chicken.

Full forty years I live, and oft do alms give,
Yet never roam half a mile from home;
But when I'm dead, it plainly doth appear,
I travel night and day both far and near.
An Oak, now a Ship.

Much higher than the trees I am,
my bulk exceeds a houſe;
And yet I ſeem unto moſt men,
not larger than a mouſe.
A Star.

Pleaſantly growing in a bed,
Of complexion white and red,
The faireſt lady in the land,
Deſires to have me in her hand,
And put me in her hole before,
And wiſh ſhe had two handfuls more.
A Strawberry.

A maid, in very neat attire,
Was occupying by the fire;
She took a thing and put it too,
It was ſo ſlender 'twould not do:

Sh

She try'd again, it did not miſs,
Ah, quoth ſhe, I am glad of this.
A Maid threading a Needle.

Of ſhape but mean, of colour ſad,
out of my native ſoil I came,
I then did think my keeper mad,
for dying me I did her blame:
A ſcarlet then I did preſent,
which gave my keeper good content.
A Lobſter.

With ſmoke ſore rent, and back ſore bent,
I plying was by night;
A ſlippery thing with good intent,
thruſt hard and went in right.
Kneading Dough.

Its hairleſs head is round and knobby,
Its ſkin is black, ſtrong is its body,
The maſter and it go hand in hand,
'Tis us'd in ſecret at command.
A dark Lanthorn.

All ladies court my beauty bright,
Though I am blind, and have no ſight,
Im ſerviceable to the queen,
And in her chamber ſtill am ſeen.
A Looking-Glaſs.

In ſtate I wear what fortune gives,
a trifle makes me great,
Though I'm admir'd by all that lives,
yet endleſs cares attend my fate.
A Crown.

Eight legs I have, eyes twenty-one,
and ſix broad backs have I;
By many a ſcore I'm curſt and thrown,
yet neither weep nor die.
A die.

My forehead riſes long and ſmall,
flat is my face, ſquare cheeks and chin;
I ſpend my time to pleaſure all,
and yet I nothing have within.
a Sun Dial.

Without e'er a ſaddle, I ride on a thing
That hath ne'er a leg, yet I'm a ſtraddling,
Two friends decay'd I do befriend,
Reſolve their doubts and have an end.
a pair of Spectacles.

There was a thing which a man beſpoke,
Which when the workman home had brought,
He that made it did refuſe it,
He that beſpoke it did not uſe it;
He that had it did not know
Whether he uſed it or no.
a Coffin.

To carry meat I am employed
on my long back for many,
What I deſire few will avoid,
yet I ne'er taſte of any.
a Spit.

Two eyes I have which ſhine moſt bright,
yet have I neither legs nor feet,
I have a mouth wherewith I bite,
but though I have, I never eat.
a pair of Sciſſars.

In a ſhort ſpace the world all round,
I view, am reſtleſs, always changing,
Nothing I loſe that can be found,
nor am I in my ſtation changing.
The Sun.

There is a thing both long and ſtiff,
And at the end there is a cliff,
Soft moiſture from it doth flow,
And makes fair ladies pleaſant grow.
a Pen.

Although

Although I'm low, yet I'm very fair,
And ladies uſe me every where,
They kiſs me, in their breaſts I pleaſe,
And oft 'tis ſaid, I give them eaſe;
I'm welcome to them day and night,
Although I hurt them when I don't do right.
a Pin.

Behold a monſter whoſe head rolls on the ground,
Two hands, two feet, yet neither doth abound,
Without any life, but helpeleſs as he walks,
Which oftentimes his travel greatly baulks.
a Wheel-barrow.

My ribs are made of iron,
and cover'd with reeking fat,
Which does them round inviron,
now tell me what is that?
a Gridiron.

Much higher than the wall in ſight,
more bitter far than gall,
My colour's green, and ſometimes white,
as ſoft as ſilk, belov'd by all.
a Walnut.

My lady has a thing moſt rare,
Round about it grows much hair,
She takes delight with it in bed,
And often ſtrokes its hairy head.
a Lap Dog.

My face is pale, though ſometimes red,
and full of beauty ſpots am I,
Aloft appear when you're in bed,
and am far off though I ſeem nigh.
The Moon.

Though by creation I am made
an ugly hideous creature,
I neither ſin, nor is it ſaid
that I can ſin by nature.
a Toad.

When I am cool, men me desire,
But love me best when I'm on fire,
Through a long engine me provoke,
Until I vanish into smoke.
Tobacco.

The oak, or ash, or alm, no fence at all,
the cedar or the bandy-box;
Through bone, through flesh and skin I crawl,
and pierce quite through the hardest rocks.
A Worm.

An ugly thing and full of matter,
Which kills all insects that come at her,
No wheel nor loom doth she e'er use,
Yet at her craft do all men muse.
A Spider.

I have no tongue, yet have ten teeth,
Which make both lads and lasses blyth,
Such sound unto their ears I give
That soon the weary I revive.
A Fiddle.

A bed most fine, the air most clear,
a fine thing has to live in,
Of colours gay, both fine and rare,
my lord he soon did give him.
A Tulip.

Without edge it cuts; without tongue it sings:
It foams without anger, and flies without wings.
Bottled Ale.

Men often boast of cunning skill,
And me as often strive to kill;
Yet notwithstanding all their splutter,
I make the farmer oft to mutter.
A Fox.

In darkness I my lustre show,
I shine like gems by night;

Now

Now, though my lodging's very low,
I ſeem like ſtars of light.
A Glow Worm.

I have two bodies join'd in one,
my conſtant labour's ſuch,
When I ſtand ſtill I always run,
and at my taſk there's few thinks much.
An Hour-Glaſs.

I'm warm within and yet without,
you'll ſee I'm full of hair;
I neither have noſe, chin nor ſnout,
yet I am thought moſt rare.
A Muff.

Four wings I have which fly to feed,
by means of her laborious pain,
The hungry that ſtand much in need,
of that which in me does remain.
A Wind-mill.

One hand I have and ſeldom more,
and yet I'm often wanted:
Young women, men, and maidens ſtore,
oft have me by them planted.
A Chamber-pot.

I have a tail and body large,
but neither head nor hand,
I bear a fool's name; and my charge
is to make level woolen land.
A Taylor's Goofe.

A mighty row of ribs I have,
a back that's wondrous thin,
No belly, head, nor tail I crave,
yet am a uſeful thing.
A Comb.

A lofty body I adorn,
and will be head of all,

I very ſeldom uſe to roam,
though changing at each ſquall.
a Weather-Cock.

We dwell in cottages of ſtraw,
and labour much, but reap no gains;
Sweets from us our maſters draw,
but don't reward us for our pains.
Bees.

Unto the green wood full often I gang,
and many treſpaſs grounds beat o'er,
I am very good when once I hang,
though good for nought in time of yore.
a Hog.

It flies without wings between ſilken ſtrings,
And leaves as you'll find, the guts ſtill behind.
a Weaver's Shuttle.

There is a thing, both long and white,
Which pleaſes ladies in the night;
A moiſture comes from its red noſe,
The longer it ſtands the ſhorter it grows.
a Candle.

My body is round and ſtrait lac'd about,
My heart is flat and ſound as any trout,
My belly is empty, my brains are ſhallow,
And by theſe means I can ſo loudly hollow.
a Drum.

When I appear, the frighted world,
dreads miſery and woe,
From me ſuch flames are often hurl'd
as kingdoms overthrow.
a Comet.

It was not, nor is it, nor fit that it ſhould be,
But if it was, as it is not, no harm in it I ſee.
Your Noſe in another's a—.

At night I timely go to reſt,
and early with the ſun appear,

When

When mounted high I'm at the beſt,
'tis my delight to pleaſe the ear.
a Lark.

In different ſhapes and functions I appear,
Always undaunted, though I'm moſt in fear;
A friend to vice, an open foe to truth;
I'm old as time, though in the bloom of youth.
Impudence.

I harmleſs am, but little underſtand,
I puff and blow, do good or evil,
I ſtrive with that which no man can command,
I pray, good Sir, unfold my riddle.
a Pair of Bellows.

Noſe long, and belly wide, amidſt a throng
I move in ſtate to overcome the heat,
Then like a ſpouting whale I throw,
My food where it does fierceſt grow.
a Water-Engine.

In a green coat a thing is clad,
Wing'd for flight, but ſlightly made;
Small, yet capers well and ſings,
Pray tell me what may be this thing?
a Graſs-hopper.

I put ten guineas in a purſe
the twentieth of December,
I took them out the twenty-firſt
as I do well remember:
Yet though their number anſwer'd right,
there wanted of my treaſure
The Guineas that fell to 21 *Shillings.*

Though ſenſe and motion in myſelf there's none,
in ſwifteſt hurry and in warlike deeds,
The greateſt fears through me are often done,
and if I'm loſt, the braveſt ſeldom ſpeeds.
a Horſe Shoe.

What force and ſtrength can ſcarce get through,
That with a touch I ſoon can do,

Many in the ſtreets would lie,
Were I not their friend and nigh.
A Key.

In times of old, as Scripture doth record,
Liv'd one who never did offend the Lord,
The truth he ſpoke, and ne'er did ſin commit,
Yet in Chriſt's kingdom he ſhall never ſit.
Balaam's Aſs.

Yea twenty-four I do contain,
They change to thouſands on the main,
Fair ladies court me and diſpute
By me, although myſelf am mute.
The Alphabet.

There is a thing without a head,
Hath no heart, yet hath a tongue,
Buried e'er it was made,
Loud it doth ſpeak yet it is dead.
A Bell which is caſt in the Ground.

I ſat in my love, I drank in my love
and my love ſhe gave me light,
I will give any man a pint of wine
that can gueſs my queſtion right.
It was a man that murdered his wife, and made a chair of her bones, drunk her blood out of her ſkull, and made a candle of her greaſe.

I ſaw three ſturdy rows oppoſe,
a round thick dwarf, yet he
Did with them in ſuch fury cloſe,
that none of them went free:
For though he was ſhort and they were tall,
he fairly overthrew them all.
Nine Pins and a Bowl.

I am like death, yet I am hot and cold.
I have no breath, yet live in a ſtrong hold,
I'm clean within, and very thin without,
Hurtful to none, then where's the doubt?
An Oyſter.

As

As I went by the way, I found
a thing into a rick of hay,
It was neither fiſh, fleſh nor bone,
yet I kept it till it went alone.
An Egg.

There is a little thing,
that's found in many lands,
Although it teaches multitudes,
yet nothing underſtands.
'Tis found in every kingdom,
yet not in earth nor ſea;
'Tis in all ſorts of timber,
but not in any tree:
And in all ſorts of metal,
but yet, as I am told,
'Tis not in iron, braſs,
tin, ſilver, nor in gold.
Wild Africa this wonder wants,
and ſo doth Aſia,
But, yet, as travellers affirm,
'tis in America.
Germany enjoys it,
yet does not France nor Spain,
In Hungary and Poland,
to ſeek for it is vain.
In Amſterdam 'tis common,
yet Holland wants it ſtill.
It is in every mountain,
yet not in any hill;
It never was in Italy,
in Rome it ſtill appears,
It comes in every minute,
yet not in twenty years.
All England cannot ſhew it,
but yet, as moſt men ſay,
In Weſtminſter and Cambridge,
you ſee it every day;
And though you do not think of it,
'tis never out on mind.

And always in its proper place,
indeed you may it find.

'Tis the Letter M.

In a whitiſh gown, and bright ſhining crown,
yet no man her voice can hear:
To king, lord, and knight, ſhe's comfort by night,
but at noon ſhe doth ſeldom appear.

A lighted Candle.

Belly to belly, and hand to the back,
Pull out a raw morſel and ſtop a red gap.

'tis a Woman ſuckling a Child.

My form is round, my neck is tall,
My guts do comfort many a ſaul,
I formed was by fire and wind,
A perfect beauty of my kind.

a Bottle.

What is it which God never made,
forbade, and is grieved to ſee;
Yet has a liviug ſoul within,
and ſaved hopes to be.

a Cuckold.

As I went to a feaſt, I met with a beaſt,
Ten heads, ten tails, forty feet, and fourſcore nails.

'Tis a Sow with nine Pigs.

I went to the wood and got it,
I ſat me down and ſought it;
And kept it ſtill againſt my will,
and ſo by force home brought it.

It was a man that got a thorn in his Foot, and ſat down to ſeek it but could not find it.

My lord and my lady they went through the hall,
My lord took up what my lady let fall:
It was neither her hood, ſcarf, bodkin nor ring,
Pray therefore now gueſs my lady's fine thing.

It was a fine Flower.

Of

Of Fancy born, of Folly bred,
From foreign countries hither led,
My form and ſhape I often change,
I'm really nothing, yet 'tis ſtrange,
By all careſs'd, by all admir'd,
In wealth and poverty deſir'd;
Of ſuch variety I'm made,
That I'm the great ſupport of trade,
I ſerve the ladies when alone,
To ſhow their hand and ſkill upon,
And when aſſembled at their pleaſure,
So I'm their chiefeſt talking treaſure.
Faſhion.

As I went out in a moon-light night,
To keep from harm I took the height,
I ſet my back againſt the moon,
To look for one and ſaw two come,
The boughs did bend the leaves did ſhake,
I ſaw the hole the Fox did make.
It was a maid had a ſweet-heart whoſe name was Fox: She ſaw him and another come to make her Grave, while ſhe ſat on a tree.

As yellow as gold, yet gold 'tis none,
As green as graſs, yet graſs 'tis none;
As prickly as thorn, yet thorn 'tis none;
Now tell me what it is then John.
A Furze that beareth Flowers.

I held up a ſtone to a white bone,
With face to face turn'd up its arſe,
Now, ay as it roſe, I got the doſe.
One drinking out of a ſtone bottle.

In the bed it ſtands, in the bed it lies,
Its lofty neb looks to the ſkies.
The bigger it is the goodwife loves't the better;
She pluckt it and ſuckt it, till her eyes did water.
She took it in her hand and ſaid it was good,
Put it in her belly and it ſtirr'd up her blood.
An Onion.

I have

I have a knack above my knee.
And in the midſt a hole there be,
Forth came a young man luſty and ſtrong,
And put in a thing two handfuls long.

a Maid had a Sheath, and a young Man put a Knife into it.

Sara' An' Mary I lov'd them both well,
So the name of my ſweet-heart unto you I tell,
It was neither Sara', nor yet Mary,
Come tell me ſoon and do not tarry.

The Maid's name was Ann.

I went I knew not where,
I met I know not whom,
I got the thing I'll ne'er forget,
And yet I came a maiden home.

a Child going to be baptized.

As I went over hettery tottery,
I ſpy'd a cutterel, playing with her cambril,
And cry'd, ho neighbour, ho,
Lend me your gue and your goo,
To ſhoot at yon cutterel playing with her cambril,
And you ſhall have the curl of her loe.

It was a man who called to his neighbour for a gun to ſhoot a deer and he ſhould have her umbles.

My lord and my lady to bed they were brought,
Breechleſs and bare arſe together they wrought;
To make up the matter, one hole in another,
Crinklum cranklum their arſes went together.

a Malt Mill.

At the end of my yard there is a vat,
Four and twenty ladies dancing in that;
Some in green gowns and ſome in green hats,
I count him a wiſe man that tells me what that's!

a Field of Flax.

There is a tree with Branches twelve,
And two and fifty Grains withal,

And

And every Grain has Nests seven,
With different names yet numbers even.
A year, containing twelve months, two and fifty weeks, every week seven days, every day a different name, every day twenty-four hours.

Two lookers, two crookers,
Four hangers, four gangers,
And a flap to scare the flies away.
A Cow.

Here is a thing that nothing is,
'Tis foolish, wanton, sober, wise:
It hath no wings, no eyes nor ears,
And yet it flies, it sees, it hears.
It lives by losses, it feeds by smart,
It lives in woe, it liveth not:
Yet evermore that hungry elf,
Doth feed on nothing but itself.
The Mind.

Old mother old, she stands in the cold,
Her children all died with age,
She liveth still, and bringeth forth young,
And every one without a tongue.
'Tis an apple Tree.

I have a chapel all in green,
And forty soldiers be therein,
Every soldier cloth'd in white,
I'll give you a groat to tell me right.
'Tis a Pumkin.

Two brothers they abroad did go,
Whose mouths and throats were stopt I trow,
But when unstopt, they did not roam,
For they were kept confin'd at home.
A pair of Shoes.

The goodwife, sitting in her chair,
thinking upon no harm,
And all the while she claw'd her gear,
until she made it warm:

And made it bushy above the knee;
now tell me what this riddle can be.
an old Woman carding Wool.

I saw a bright young lady gay,
delightful to my view:
And from her brightest silver ray,
there dropt a pearly dew;
Ten thousand children followed in her train,
tho' they be here, are seen in France and Spain.
The Moon and Stars.

A long tail, a tongue and mouth,
full fifty feet above the ground,
'Tis heard both east, west, north and south,
a mile or two all round.
'Tis a Bell in a Steeple.

Young Jenny she call'd to a lusty stout lad,
And told him that under her apron she had
A delicate toy, that was lovely and rare,
If he would not hurt her, he might stick a pin there.
'Tis a Pin Cushion.

There were four sisters ran a race,
And each did strive to mend her pace,
Not one the other could o'ertake,
Although they strove great haste to make.
'Tis the sails of a Wind mill.

It lives in a study and knows not a letter,
Conversing with authors yet never the better,
For though it lives among Latin and Greek,
Yet none of these languages e'er it could speak.
'Tis a Mouse in a Study.

My lady chanc'd to get a fall,
when riding to the fair,
Which did discover to them all,
a place o'ergrown with hair.
Then blushing she got up with speed,
and cover'd all, now you'll read.
Her Commode fell from her head.

I have

I have no legs and yet I run apace;
My followers are in the ſelf ſame caſe;
Whoever ſmites, with him I run away,
And leave behind the reſt of the company:
Their odds by me are ſtill divided,
Their maſters differ, yet when they're decided;
All being ended, without more delay
We're laid aſide until another day.

It is a Jack Bowl.

I am no fighter yet I dare adventure,
One of the ſtouteſt that dare my caſtle enter;
And when I have them in my power got,
My weapons he ſhall feel both cold and hot;
He ſhall be for a time in ſuch a caſe,
That he'll not dare to look me in the face;
My ſharpeſt weapons to a place I'll put,
It would ſpoil his drinking if I ſhould it cut;
But he ſhall ſee that I'll be much more kind,
And him releaſe according to his mind.

a Barber.

I am in general uſe, in much requeſt,
In every place, north, eaſt, ſouth and weſt,
With me ſome do much good and are reſpected,
Others much ill, juſt as they ſtand affected;
Many are griev'd that have me not obtain'd,
Others are careleſs when they have me gain'd;
A maſter and a ſervant both I have,
The one does me command the other is my ſlave:
But at the laſt my maſter leaves me ſo,
And oft gives me to him he does not know.

'Tis money which all people love, and ſome miſuſe, but all leave behind them at laſt.

I am ſmall, yet of metal ſtiff and right,
Yet pleaſe my miſtreſs day and night,
Whene'er againſt her will I enter there,
An uſeful ſervant ſhe knows I'm to her;
Though ſhe be angry ſhe'll me not forſake,
Becauſe ſhe knows that it was a miſtake:

But when I'm grown old, and can't do as before,
She'll ſoon caſhier, and turn me out of door.

a Pin.

At two days old good Latin I ſpeak,
though for it I never went to ſchool;
Arms I have four, which come out of my back,
and in yellow I'm dreſt like a fool:
All men me ſeek, though few me get,
When caught confin'd into a net.

a Guinea.

No wings nor feet unto my ſhare did fall,
Yet I in ſwiftneſs do the beſt excel;
Arms have I none, nor weapons do I wear,
And yet I daily wound the brave and fair;
My name is odious, both to friends and foes,
Yet I'm admir'd by both the belles and beaux;
But when my name's conceal'd, I've many friends,
The beſt man fears me and his faults amends;
All wiſe men hate me as their common foe;
Take C from me, I'll keep you from the ſnow,
Old maids careſs me, for this world I hate
As it hates them, ſo we receive our fate.
From theſe ſhort hints, to tell my name's your taſk,
This well perform'd, I've nothing more to aſk.

Scandal.

With youth and perfect beauty bleſt,
from diſtant lands I came:
Nor hath my country been aſham'd,
to let me bear its name.
No lady ever yet could boaſt
complexion half ſo fine;
Though now my ſkin's as black as thoſe
who dig into a mine.
When I was young, and ſtrong, and fair,
a happy life I led:
And with my miſtreſs every night,
went lovingly to bed.

But

But from the jilt as years advanc'd,
and I grew thin and old;
The uſage that I then receiv'd,
you'll ſcarce believe when told:
With iron pincers firſt they ſeiz'd
upon my tender frame,
Then forc'd me by conſuming fire,
to change my former name:
A hateful match my miſtreſs did
moſt barb'rouſly provide,
A circumſtance I much deſir'd
for evermore to hide,
Nor ſhould have nam'd did I not know
my fellow priſoner's ſpite
Was ſuch that they would never reſt
till it was brought to light.

A piece of Holland.

There's a little ſhort gentleman,
that wears the yellow trews,
A durk below his doublet
for ſticking of his foes;
Yet in a ſinging poſture,
where'er you do him ſee,
And if you offer violence
he'll ſtap his durk in thee.
He's wiſer than the ſluggard
or any drunken ſaul,
By laying up his winter's ſtore
that's quite averſe to gall.

A Bee.

Between two woods I went away,
and lightly lead did run:
Between two waters I came home,
the ſame way I had gone.
If that the woods had water turn'd,
that would a wonder be,
Yet both the water and the woods
came rolling home with me.

One going to the [illegible] with timber Steups.

A wide

A wide mouth, no eyes or ears,
no ſcorching flames I feel:
I ſwallow more than can ſuffice
full forty at a meal.

an Oven.

The greateſt trav'llers that e'er yet were known,
By ſea or land, were mighty archers twain:
No armour proof, nor fenced wall of ſtone
Could turn their arrows: bulwarks are in vain,
Through princes' courts and kingdoms far and near,
As well in foreign parts as Chriſtendom,
Thoſe travellers their wary ſteps they ſteer,
But to the deſert they do ſeldom come.

Death the King of Terrors, and Cupid the God of Love.

Cloſe in a cage a bird I keep,
That ſings both day and night;
When other birds are faſt aſleep,
Its notes yield ſweet delight.

a Clock.

With words unnumber'd I abound,
in me mankind do take delight,
In me much wiſdom's to be found,
yet I can neither read nor write.

a Book.

Like claps of thunder, and often louder,
I'm heard for many a mile;
The braveſt, ſtouteſt, and the boldeſt
of ſweeteſt life I ſoon beguile.

a Cannon.

To eaſe men of their care,
I do both rend and tear
Their mother's bowels ſtill:
Yet for it there is few
Or none I tell to you,
That ſeem to take it ill.

a Plough which breaks up the bowels of the Earth.

No

No teeth I have, and yet I bite,
and when the bite is ſeen,
According to my ſlender might,
there is the mark of ſpleen.

a Buſh of Nettles.

In great pain was an eſquire's daughter,
She hired a young man ſoon after
To give her a touch, though it was not much,
Her ſorrow was ſoon turn'd to laughter.

a Maid whoſe Knee was out of Joint, a Doctor ſet it in, and ſhe rejoiced.

It liv'd and dy'd, and after death,
Bereav'd ſome hundreds of their breath;
Aſſiſted by a man of grief,
To whom it yielded ſome relief.

The jaw bone of an aſs, wherewith Samſon ſlew a thouſand men, and was afterwards releaſed himſelf by water ſpringing from the ſame when athirſt.

There's many a teeth but ne'er a tongue,
a thouſand at the leaſt:
They are both eaſt, weſt, north and ſouth,
but ſeldom at a feaſt.

a pair of Woolen Cards.

A viſage fair with voice as rare,
affording pleaſant charms:
Which is with us moſt ominous,
preſaging future harms.

'Tis a Mermaid, which betokens deſtruction.

With me the dulleſt fool muſt ſurely thrive,
And fairly others of their right deprive;
In different ſhapes and functions I appear,
Always undaunted though I'm moſt in fear;
To ſon of gold, yet claims a nearer kin,
To a certain orator in Lincoln's inn;
A friend to vice, an open foe to truth,
I'm old as time, though in the bloom of youth.

Impudence.

By ſparks of fine hand, I'm luſtily drawn,
but not in a chariot nor coach,
I fly at a word more quick than a bird
that doth the green foreſt approach.

an Arrow from a Bow.

Fatherleſs and motherleſs,
and wanting the ſkin,
It ſpoke when it came to the world,
and never ſpoke again.

a Fart.

A little informer cloth'd in bright armour,
belov'd by men of degree;
It goes fine and neat without legs or feet,
now tell me what this riddle may be!

a Silver Watch.

I into this world came hanging,
And when from the ſame I was ganging;
I was bitterly batter'd and ſqueez'd,
And then with my blood they were pleas'd.

a Pippin pounded into Cyder.

What's that in which the houſe-wives take delight,
Which, though it has no legs, will ſtand upright,
'Tis often us'd, both ſexes muſt agree,
Beneath the navel, yet above the knee;
At the end it has a pole; 'tis ſtiff and ſtrong,
Thick as a maiden's wriſt and pretty long:
To a ſoft place 'tis very oft apply'd,
And makes the thing 'tis us'd to, ſtill more wide;
The women love to wriggle it to and fro,
That what lies under may the wider grow;
By giddy ſluts ſometimes it is abus'd,
But by good houſe-wives rubb'd before 'tis us'd,
That it may fitter for their purpoſe be,
When they to occupy the ſame are free.
Now tell me merry laſſes if you can,
What this muſt be? that is no part of man!

a Rolling Pin.

By torture, though extreme, I ſtronger grow,
Yet Death, of all mankind the common foe,
And ſome diſeaſes work my overthrow:
Each night fair Chloe finds me in her bed;
And may Great George long find me in his head;
'Tis I that give the lover all his bleſs,
When on his Celia's lips he prints a kiſs.
My brothers their ſet ſtations are aſſign'd;
But I alone am free and unconfin'd;
Through all mankind in every part I roam,
They never travel from their native home.

Feeling.

In marble wall, as white as milk,
Lin'd with a ſkin as ſoft as ſilk,
Within a fountain cryſtal clear,
A golden apple does appear,
No doors there are to break his hold,
Yet thieves break in and ſteal the gold.

An Egg.

In knowledge I the foremoſt am,
Although I come behind in bulk,
I at the kingdom's head do ſtand,
And yet am laſt of all the folk.

The Letter K.

Come ſee how wondrous is my ſtation!
The foremoſt gem in all the Crown,
Yet not a Cur in all the nation,
But what can boaſt me for his own.
I in the public ſtill am wanted,
I have my neareſt friend ſupplanted,
Where (which you'll think is but a jeſt)
That *I* might ſtand both laſt and leaſt.

The Letter C.

In Scotland and Spain I make my abode,
I belong to the ſtate though not to the king:
Yet the ſceptre without me would ne'er be a rod,
Nor ſov'reignty ought but an unmeaning thing.

The Letter S.

My

My skin is black, my blood is sweet,
my heart resembles wood,
In which there's something to be eat,
though not exceeding good.

'Tis a Black-Cherry.

My ears they are round,
And reach to the ground,
To the admiration of all men ;
The one part's quite dead,
The other well fed,
The riddle now expound if you can.

'Tis a Horse in a Cart : the wheels betoken the Ears, which reach to the Ground the Horse is fed, and the Cart is dead.

I'm call'd by the name of a man,
yet I am as little's a mouse ;
When winter comes, I'm often seen
with my red target near the house.

Robin Red-breast.

I saw a fight the other day,
A damsel did begin the fray,
She with a daily friend did meet,
Then standing in the open street :
She gave such hard and sturdy blows,
He bled ten gallons at the nose.
And what will strange be to you all,
He neither seem'd to faint nor fall.

Pumping Water out of a Well.

A Motto, shewing Vanity in three.

The three most vain men do you want to find,
First, View a Barber with a wig in's hand ;
A Taylor next with a gentleman's new clothes ;
And lastly, a young soldier coining oaths

FINIS.